

APRIL
No.24

10¢

BLACKHAWK



puts
CRIMINAL
NUMBER
ONE
first on
HIS HIT
PARADE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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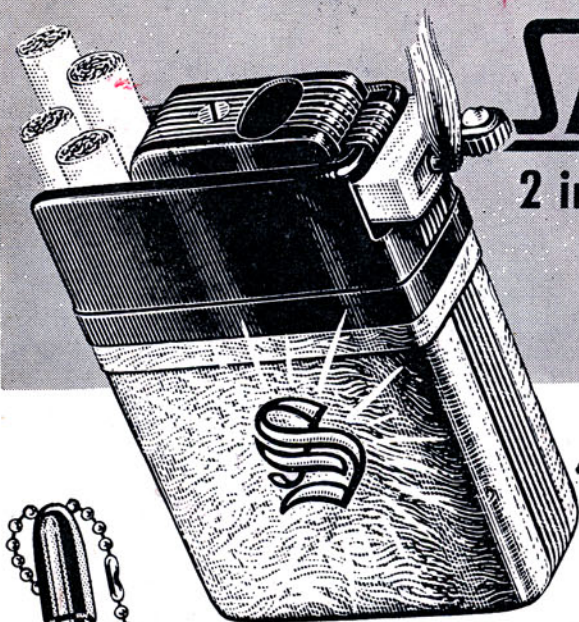


It's Here! It's New!

It's Available Now!

THE *Slide-o-matic*

**2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER
and CIGARETTE CASE**



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And—at no extra cost—your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that **GLOWS IN THE DARK.**

**If you order today
this pen is yours!
WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.

**TRY FOR 10 DAYS
AT NO COST TO YOU**

Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The smartest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers... a beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine... only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarettes and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen... a wonderful necessity for every cigarette smoker. **EXTRA SURPRISE:** you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.



**SURE-FIRE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER**



**CIGARETTE CASE
WITH GLOW-IN-
THE-DARK INITIAL**



**HANDY KEY CHAIN
& BALL POINT PEN**

**ALL 3
for only**

\$1.98

SEND NO MONEY

**E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM
1226 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.**

Please rush _____ lighter cigarette case combination
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is _____ payment in full. Ship

☐ I enclose \$ _____
postpaid.

☐ Ship COD—I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME _____ (PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

E-Z INDUSTRIES

1226 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.

BLACKHAWK

Blackhawk

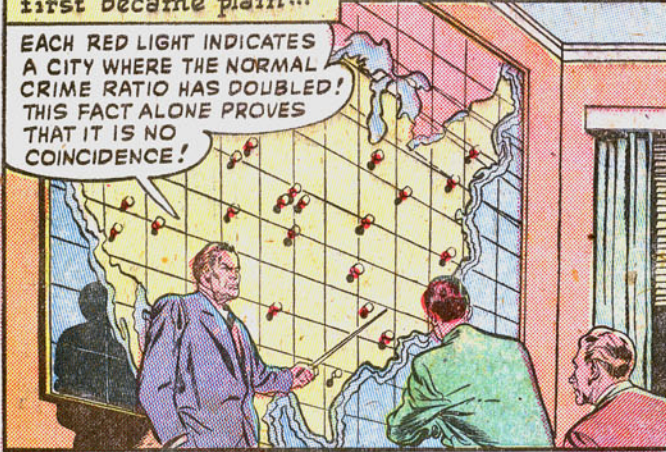


HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME LEADER KNOWN ONLY AS **NUMBER ONE**? THE IDENTITY OF **NUMBER ONE** WAS ONE OF THE BEST KEPT SECRETS OF ALL TIME, BUT EVERY ONE OF YOU HAD MORE THAN A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE ACTIVITIES OF **NUMBER ONE'S** VAST SYSTEM OF CRIME! ONLY NOW CAN THE FULL STORY BE TOLD! IT IS A STORY THAT DEFIES BELIEF, BUT WE **BLACKHAWKS** LIVED THROUGH EVERY PERILOUS MINUTE OF IT!

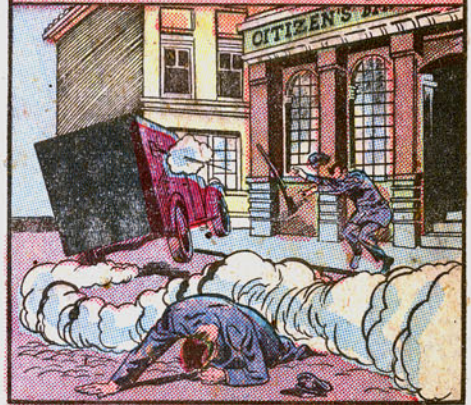


On the continental map at the Department of Justice the full scope of what was happening first became plain...

EACH RED LIGHT INDICATES A CITY WHERE THE NORMAL CRIME RATIO HAS DOUBLED! THIS FACT ALONE PROVES THAT IT IS NO COINCIDENCE!



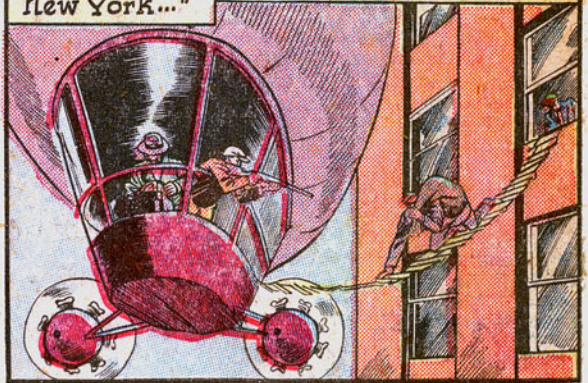
"A crime wave is sweeping the nation! It began with the bold armored-car robbery of the Citizen's bank in Chicago..."



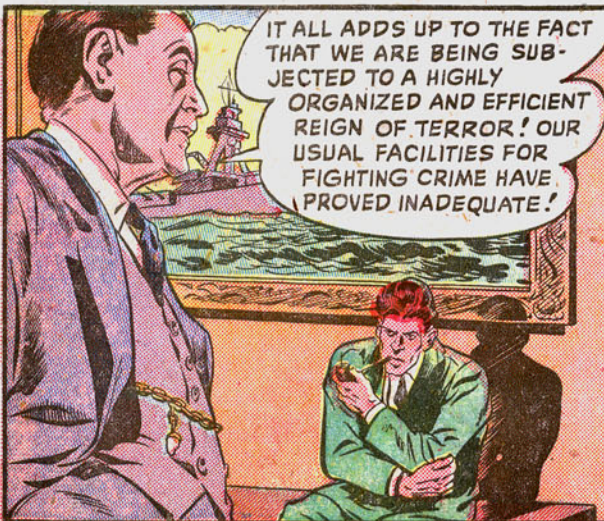
"Then there was the ingenious poison-gas raid at the headquarters of the Dallas Loan Company..."



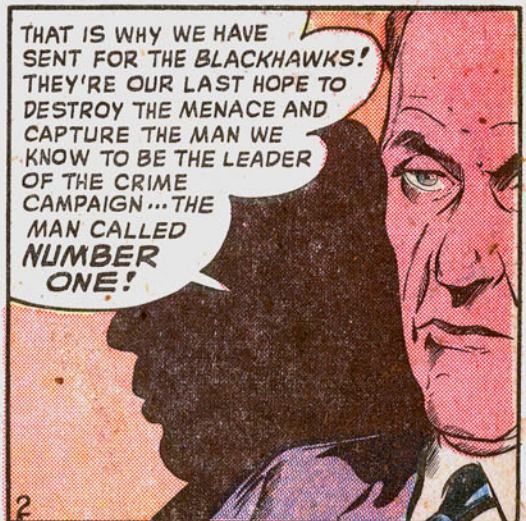
"Since then many other cities have fallen victim to incredibly daring plunder expeditions, such as the blimp raid on the Hysler Building in New York..."



IT ALL ADDS UP TO THE FACT THAT WE ARE BEING SUBJECTED TO A HIGHLY ORGANIZED AND EFFICIENT REIGN OF TERROR! OUR USUAL FACILITIES FOR FIGHTING CRIME HAVE PROVED INADEQUATE!

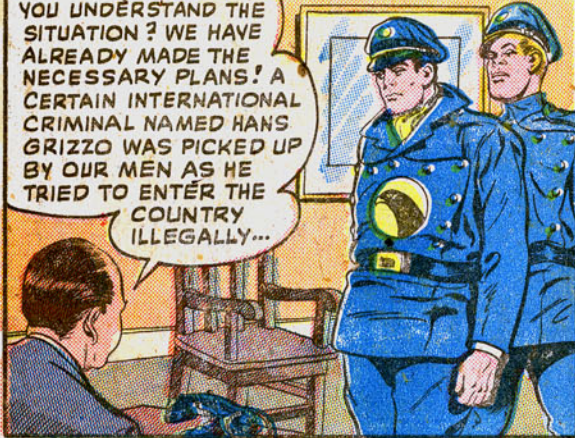


THAT IS WHY WE HAVE SENT FOR THE BLACKHAWKS! THEY'RE OUR LAST HOPE TO DESTROY THE MENACE AND CAPTURE THE MAN WE KNOW TO BE THE LEADER OF THE CRIME CAMPAIGN...THE MAN CALLED NUMBER ONE!



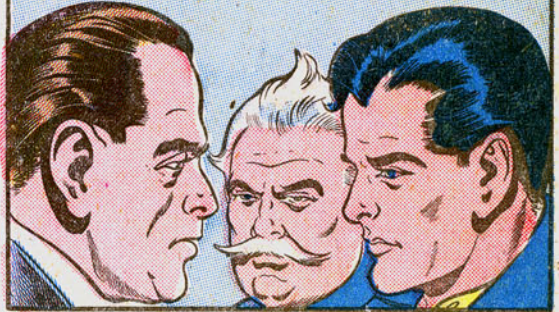
An urgent appeal brings the Blackhawks quickly to the scene...

YOU UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION? WE HAVE ALREADY MADE THE NECESSARY PLANS! A CERTAIN INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL NAMED HANS GRIZZO WAS PICKED UP BY OUR MEN AS HE TRIED TO ENTER THE COUNTRY ILLEGALLY...



NO ONE KNOWS HE HAS BEEN APPREHENDED! WITH A LITTLE MAKEUP, YOU COULD EASILY PASS FOR GRIZZO, BLACKHAWK!

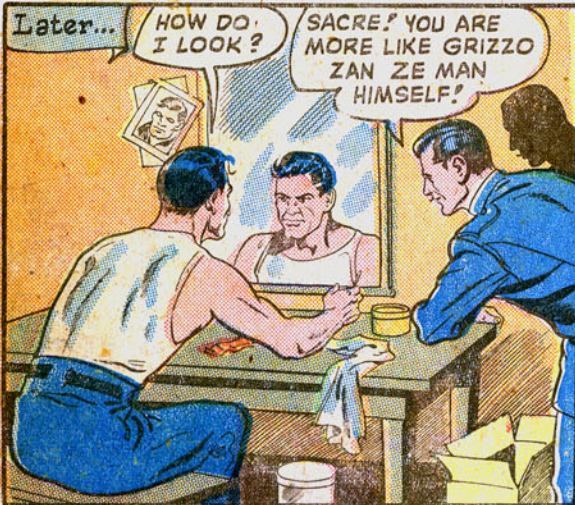
I UNDERSTAND! BUT I'LL NEED SOME BRIEFING ON THE MAN'S BACKGROUND AND HABITS!



Later...

HOW DO I LOOK?

SACRE! YOU ARE MORE LIKE GRIZZO ZAN ZE MAN HIMSELF!



I'VE GOT TO MAKE THE FIRST CONTACT WITH THE UNDERWORLD! BUT YOU BOYS WON'T BE IDLE! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK FOR ALL!

BY GAR! WE WON'T FAIL YOU, BLACK-HAWK!



That evening...

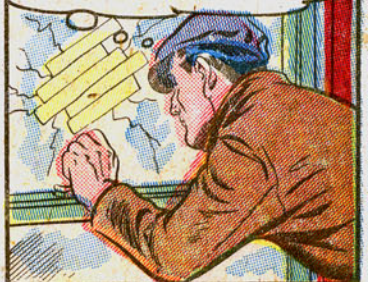


SO FAR, SO GOOD! THERE'S A MILLION DOLLARS IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES IN THE SAFE INSIDE!



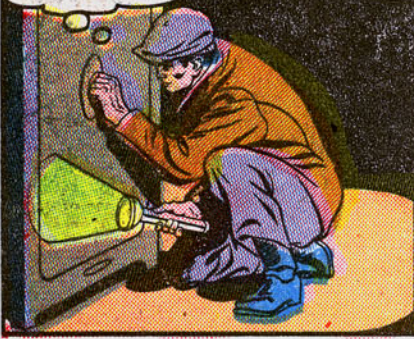
Covering a window with tape to deaden the noise, Blackhawk knocks out the pane and opens the lock...

SOMETIMES I THINK I'D HAVE MADE A WONDERFUL SECOND-STORY MAN!



BLACKHAWK

THE BURGLAR ALARMS WERE SILENCED FOR ME! AND I KNOW THE SAFE COMBINATION! NUMBER ONE'S OPERATIVES ARE CASING THIS SPOT FOR A ROBBERY, SO I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THEM THIS IS THE REAL STUFF!



THE BLACKHAWKS!

REGARDEZ! EET EES HANS GRIZZO!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



EVEN THE BLACKHAWKS ARE NO MATCH FOR HANS GRIZZO!



OOOF!

WHEW! WE'VE GOT HIM! SEND FOR THE POLICE!

HE FIGHTS LIKE A WILDCAT!

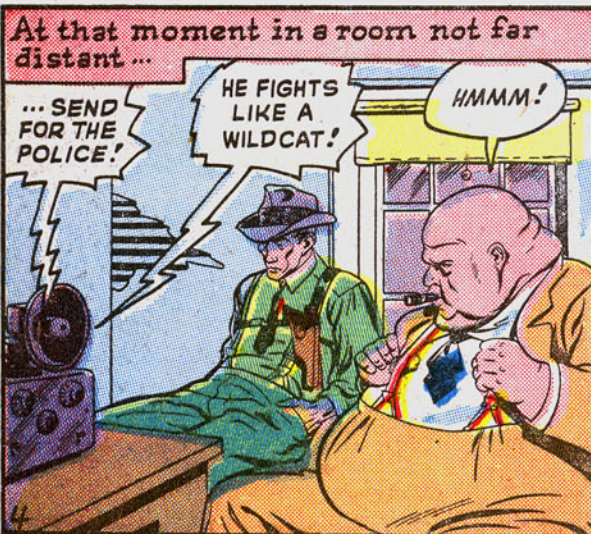


At that moment in a room not far distant ...

... SEND FOR THE POLICE!

HE FIGHTS LIKE A WILDCAT!

HMMM!



OUR DICTAPHONES WERE PLANTED TO GIVE US NEEDED EVIDENCE FOR OUR OWN PLANS! BUT HANS GRIZZO PLAYED A SOLO HAND, AND NEARLY CARRIED IT OFF! HE SOUNDS LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD INTEREST NUMBER ONE!

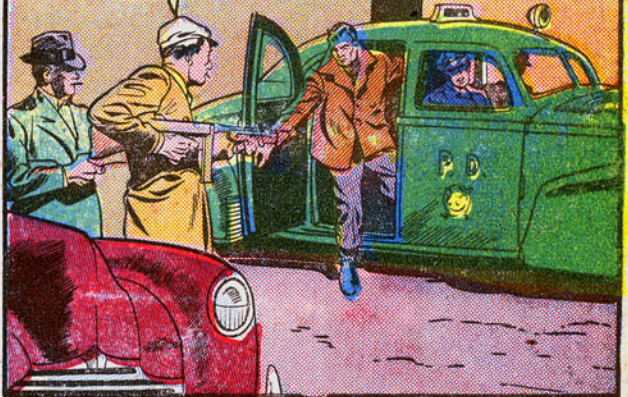


The following day as Blackhawk, disguised as Hans Grizzo, is being taken from headquarters to the courtroom...



NO TRICKS, OR WE'LL START BLASTING! COME ON, GRIZZO! YOU'RE THE MAN WE WANT!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?



WHY SHOULD YOU COMPLAIN? WOULD YOU RATHER TRY YOUR LUCK WITH THE COPS?

NOT ME! BUT I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHY ANYONE WOULD GO TO THIS TROUBLE TO RESCUE ME!



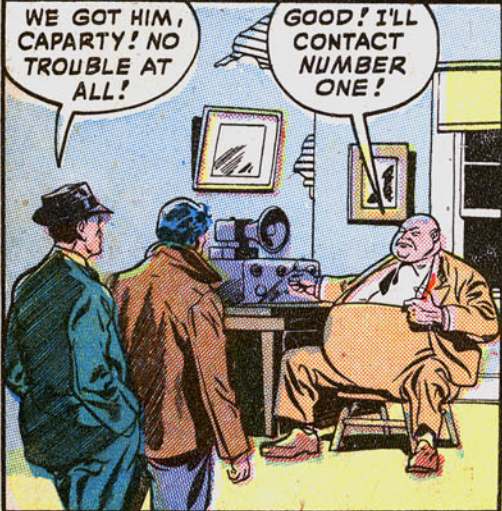
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH! JUST DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS!

HMM! THAT SMOKE SCREEN MAKES A PERFECT GET-AWAY DEVICE! THEY THINK OF EVERYTHING!



WE GOT HIM, CAPARTY! NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

GOOD! I'LL CONTACT NUMBER ONE!



CAPARTY SPEAKING! HANS GRIZZO IS HERE NOW! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

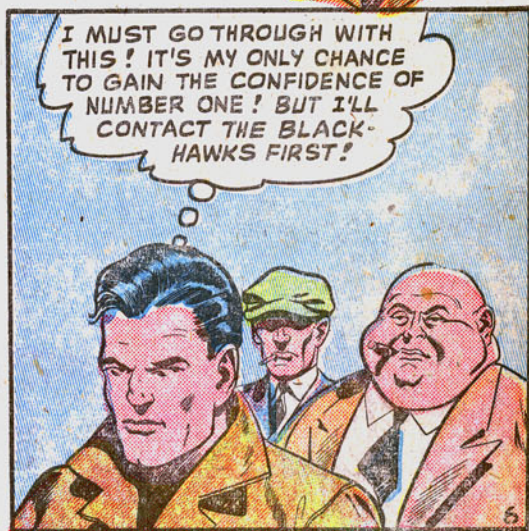
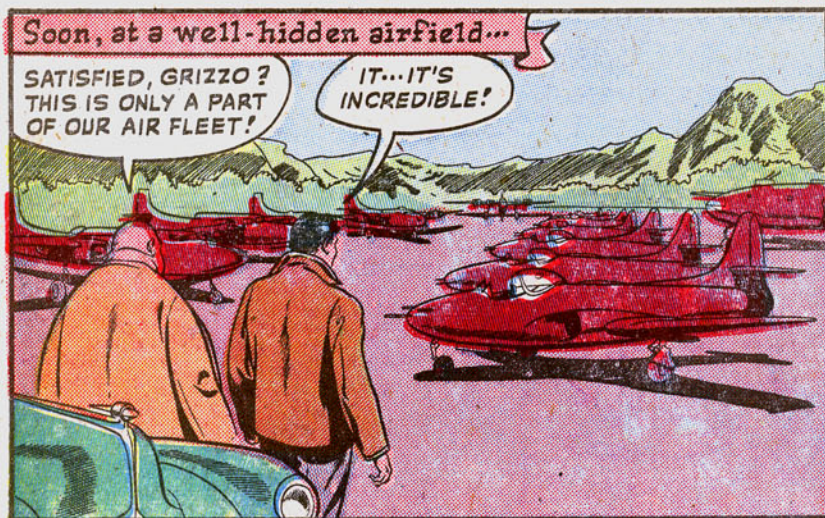
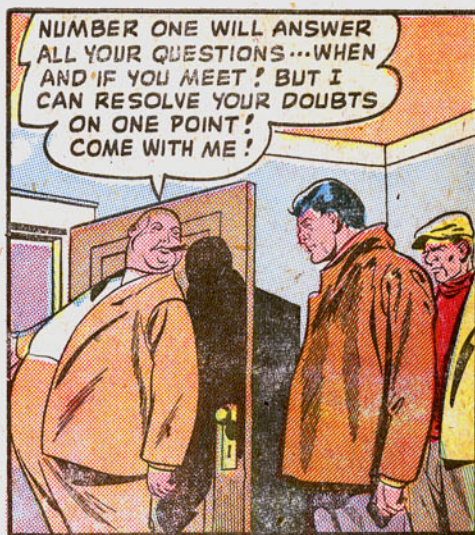
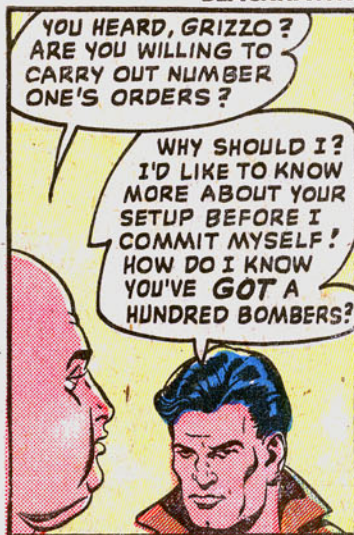
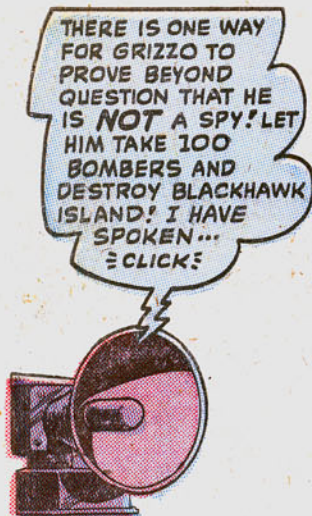
I HAVE READ YOUR REPORT ON THIS MAN WITH INTEREST, CAPARTY!



BUT I TRUST NO ONE... UNTIL HE HAS PROVEN HIMSELF! IT IS POSSIBLE THAT HANS GRIZZO IS WORKING WITH THE BLACKHAWKS!

A FLAT METALLIC VOICE! NUMBER ONE SPEAKS OVER SOME KIND OF VOICE FILTER TO DISGUISE HIS IDENTITY!





BLACKHAWK

Several days later...

MEN, WE'VE BEEN GIVEN A BIG JOB! BUT THE BLACK-HAWKS ARE NOT INVINCIBLE! WE CAN AND WILL DESTROY THEM!

HEAR! HEAR!

NUMBER ONE IS DEPENDING ON US! LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT HIM! WE FLY WITHIN THE HOUR... TO VICTORY!

Soon Blackhawk, alias Hans Grizzo, flies out to sea at the head of a great armada... on the strangest mission of his career...

... for his target is... **BLACKHAWK ISLAND!**

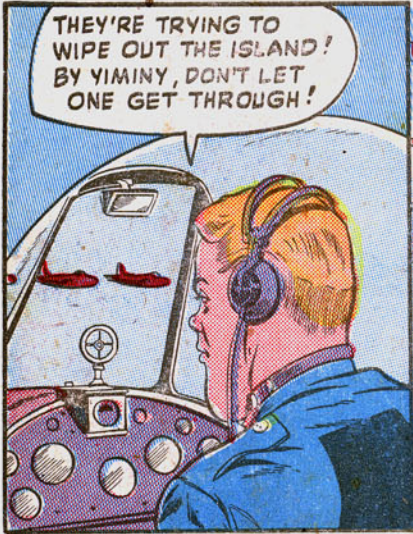
ATTENTION, PILOTS! SQUADRONS A AND B WILL ATTACK FROM THE NORTHEAST! ENGAGE THE BLACKHAWKS WHEN THEY FLY TO INTERCEPT YOU!

SQUADRONS C AND D WILL JOIN THE FIGHT AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THREE MINUTES! THAT WILL KEEP THE BLACKHAWKS TOO BUSY TO INTERFERE WITH SQUADRON E, UNDER MY COMMAND! GOOD LUCK!

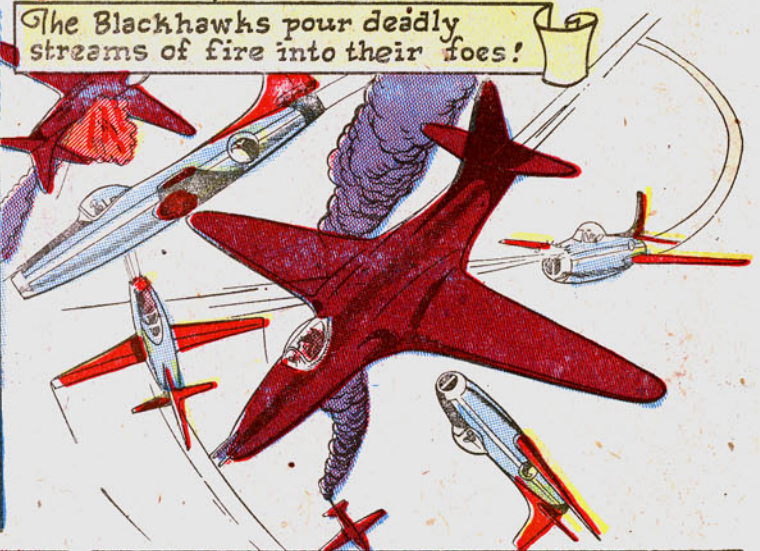
Up from Blackhawk Island speed the dark knights of the air! Once again their rallying cry signals the start of battle!

HAWKAAA!

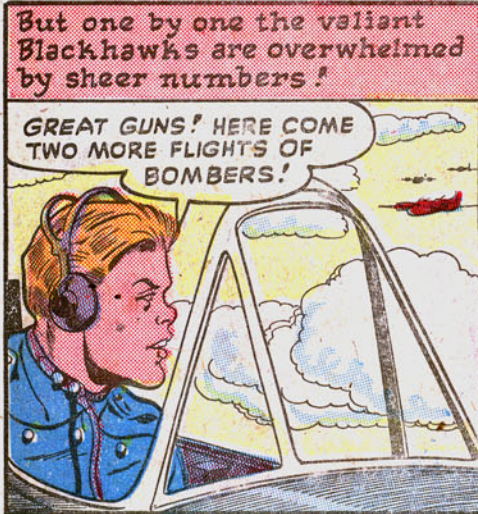
BLACKHAWK



THEY'RE TRYING TO WIPE OUT THE ISLAND!
BY YIMINY, DON'T LET ONE GET THROUGH!

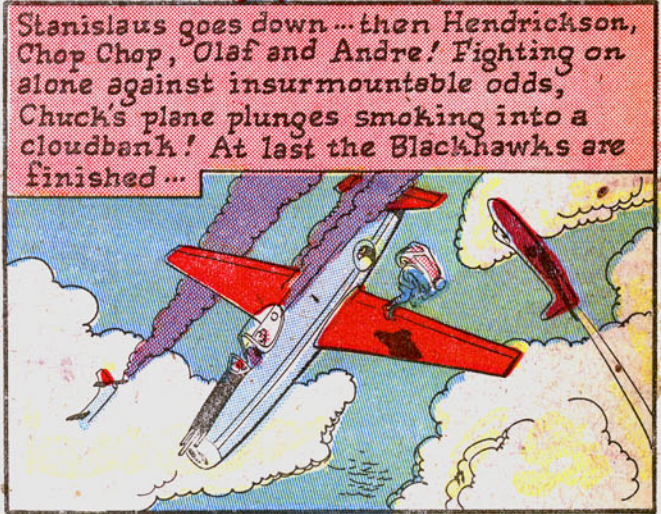


The Blackhawks pour deadly streams of fire into their foes!

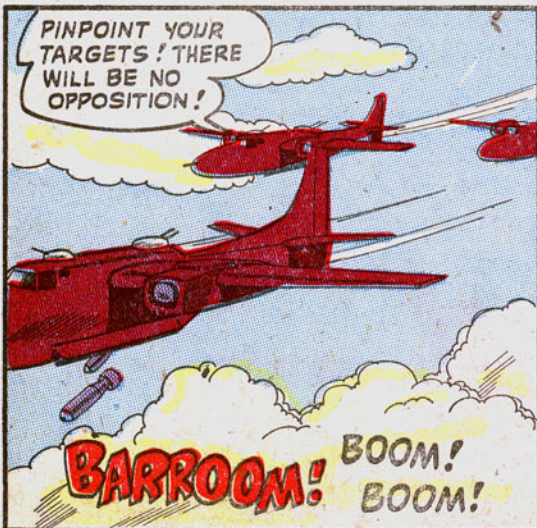


But one by one the valiant Blackhawks are overwhelmed by sheer numbers!

GREAT GUNS! HERE COME TWO MORE FLIGHTS OF BOMBERS!



Stanislaus goes down... then Hendrickson, Chop Chop, Olaf and Andre! Fighting on alone against insurmountable odds, Chuck's plane plunges smoking into a cloudbank! At last the Blackhawks are finished...



PINPOINT YOUR TARGETS! THERE WILL BE NO OPPOSITION!

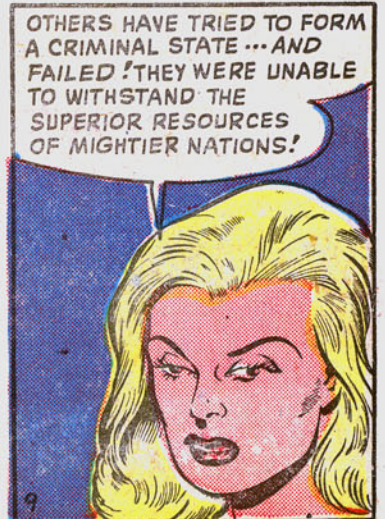
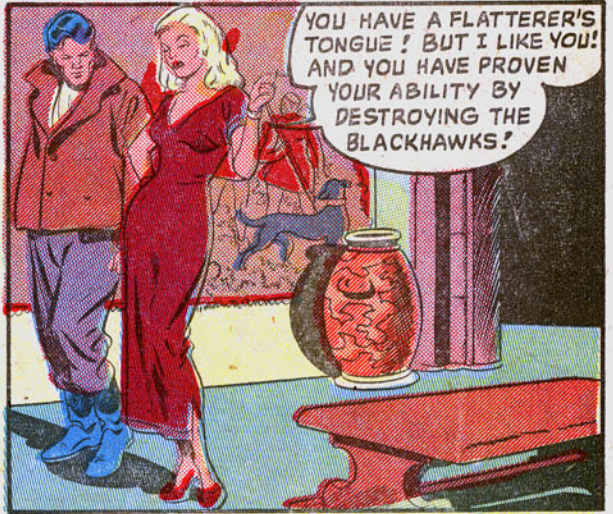
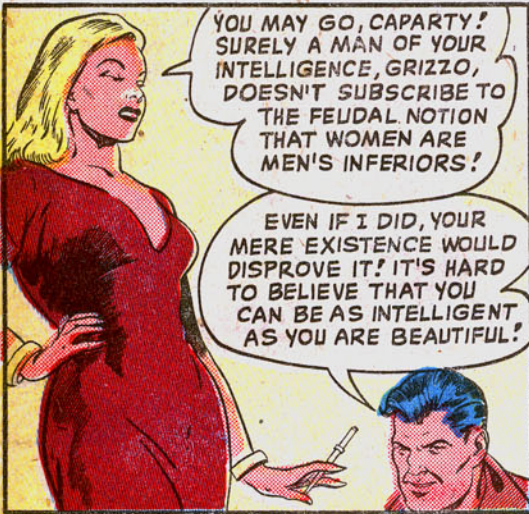
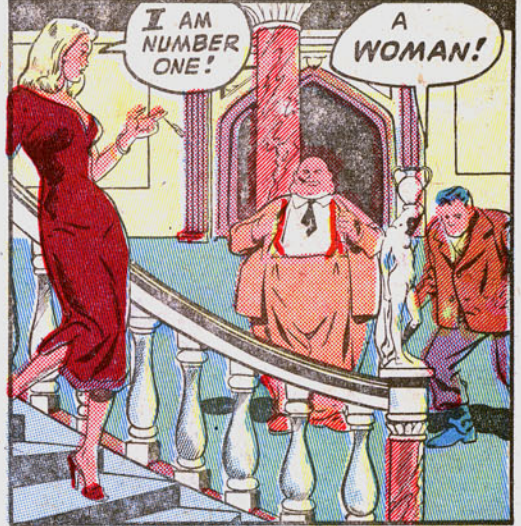
BARROOM! BOOM!
BOOM!



WELL DONE!
BLACKHAWK ISLAND IS DESTROYED...
AND SO ARE THE BLACKHAWKS!
HEAD FOR HOME!



THE BLACKHAWKS PLAYED THEIR ROLES WELL! AND THE CANVAS PROPS ON THAT ISLAND ALMOST FOOLED ME! IT CERTAINLY WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL THESE FELLOWS!



BUT MY INTENT IS TO CAPTURE THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL NATIONS... THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! FIRST THERE WILL BE A CRIME WAVE, GREATER THAN ANY EVER KNOWN! LAW AND ORDER WILL CEASE TO EXIST! THE PEOPLE WILL CRY FOR NEW LEADERSHIP!



THEN **WE** SHALL MOVE IN! UNDER THE GUISE OF KEEPING ORDER, WE SHALL ESTABLISH A CRIMINAL STATE! AND WE SHALL HAVE THE RESOURCES OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST NATION TO SUPPORT US!



AN AMBITIOUS PROGRAM, NUMBER ONE!



TOO BAD THAT YOU ARE DOOMED TO FAIL!

NUMBER ONE!

THE BLACKHAWKS ARE COMING! OUR MONITORS PICKED UP THE SOUND OF THEIR PLANES!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... **BLACKHAWK!**

YOU UNDERESTIMATED US, **NUMBER ONE!**

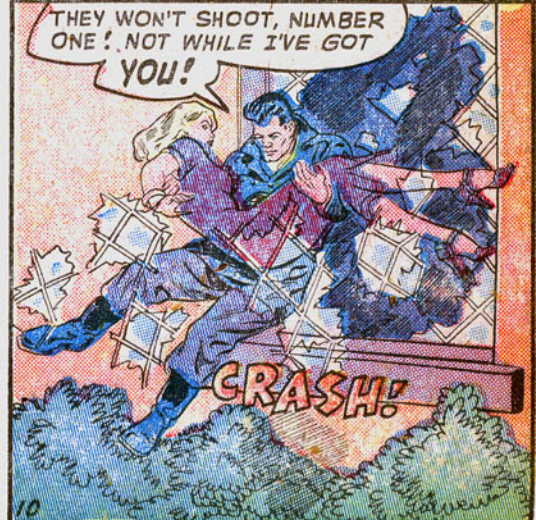


THE BLACKHAWKS AREN'T SO EASILY CONQUERED! OUR PLANES FOUND YOUR HIDEOUT BY FOLLOWING RADIO IMPULSES FROM A SIGNAL HIDDEN IN MY WATCH!

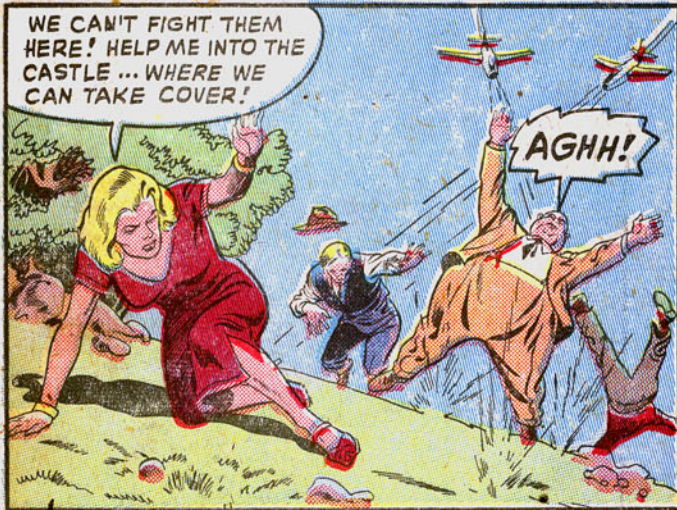
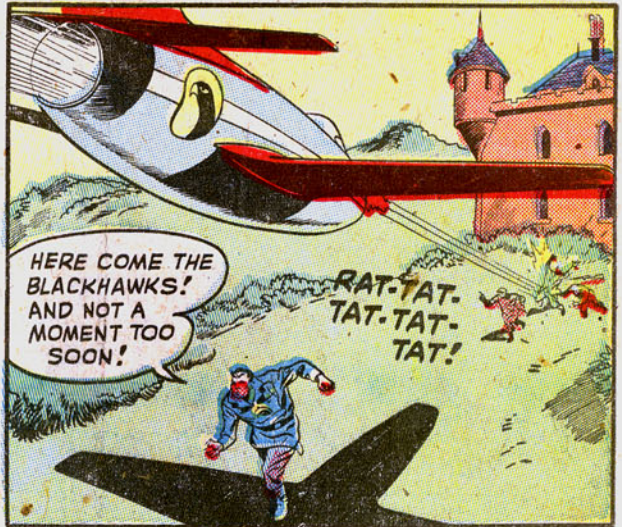
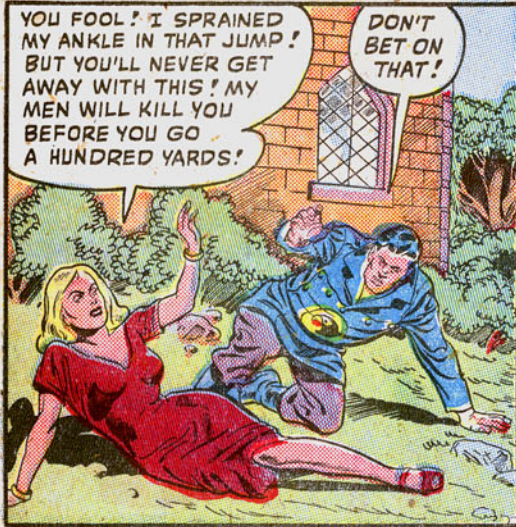


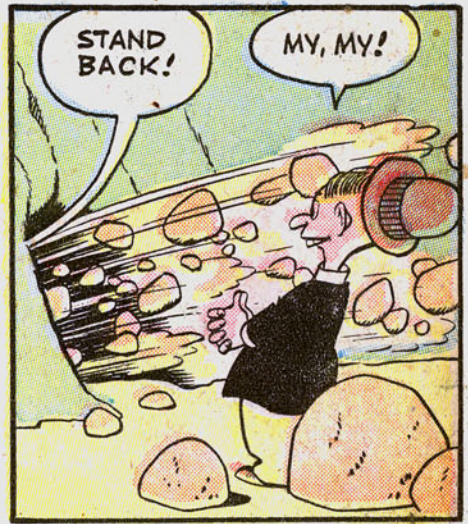
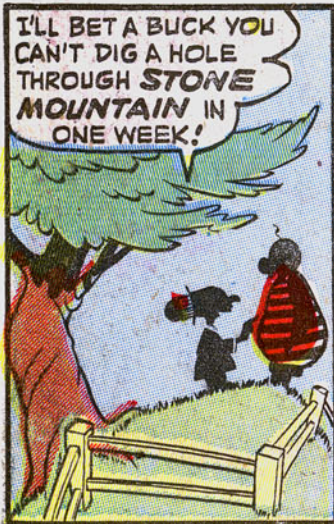
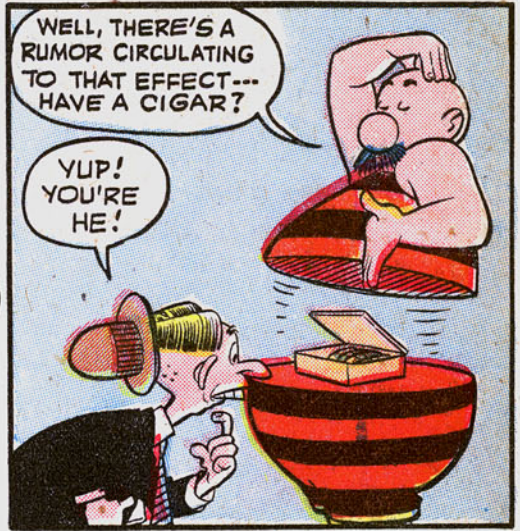
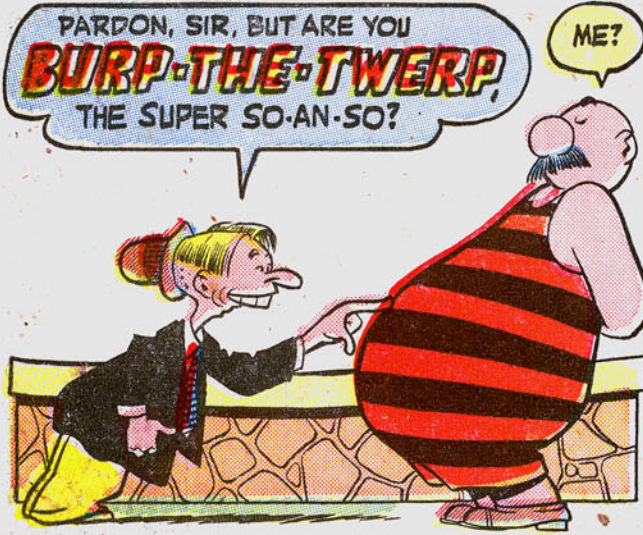
STOP HIM!

THEY WON'T SHOOT, NUMBER ONE! NOT WHILE I'VE GOT YOU!



BLACKHAWK



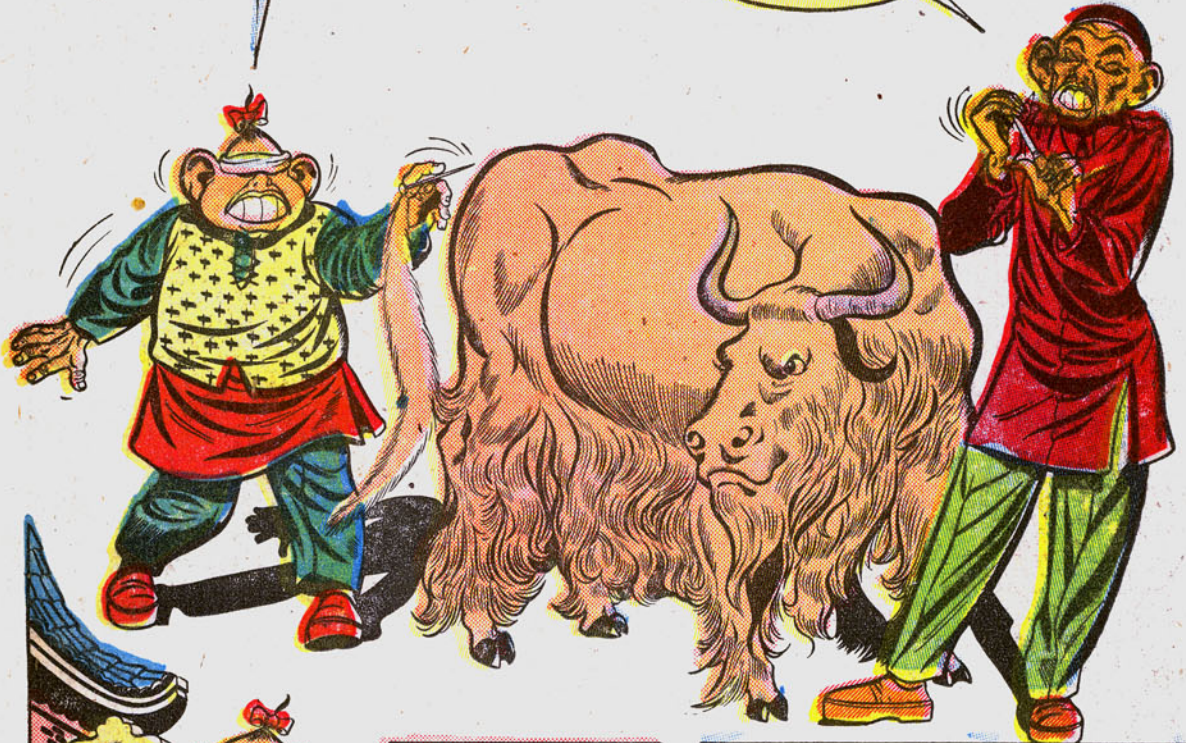


BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP

PINNING TAIL ON
YAK OLD CHINESE
GAME! MUCH FUN!

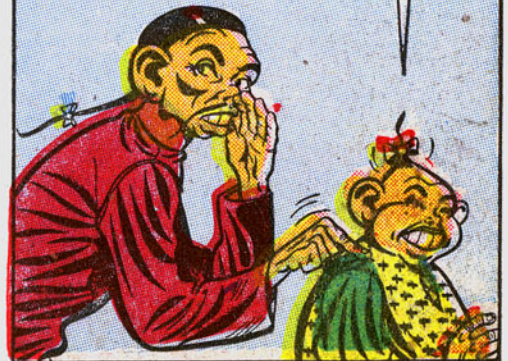
BUT YOU NOT PLAY
WONG'S RULES
BEFORE! WONG USE
REAL, LIVE
YAKS!



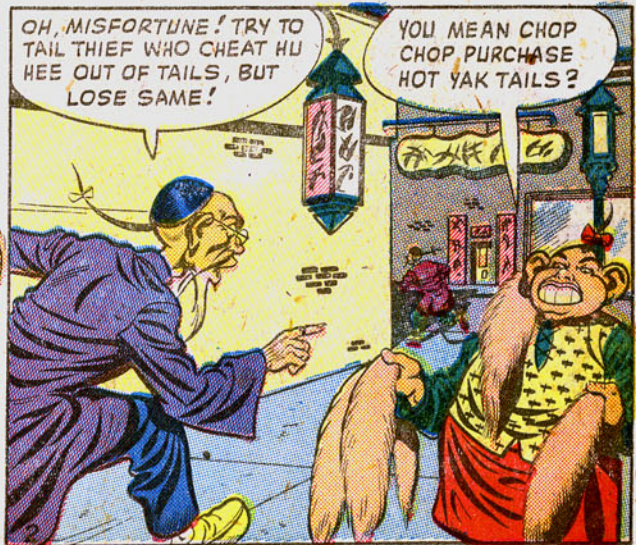
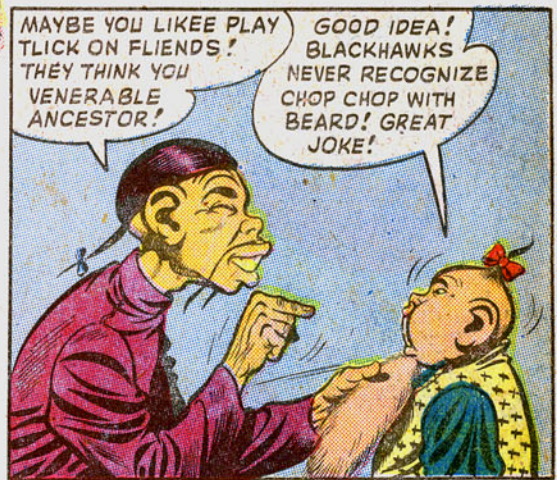
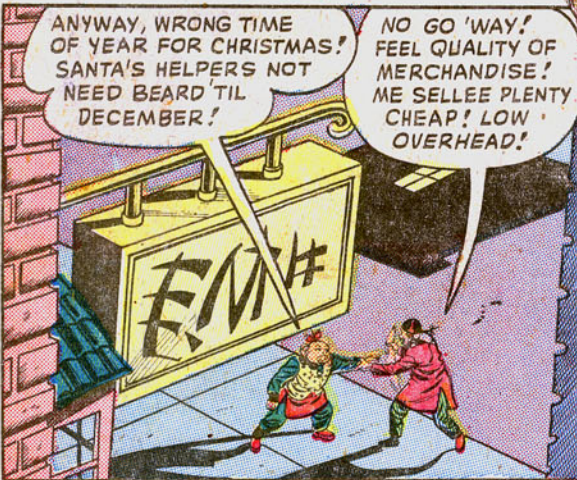
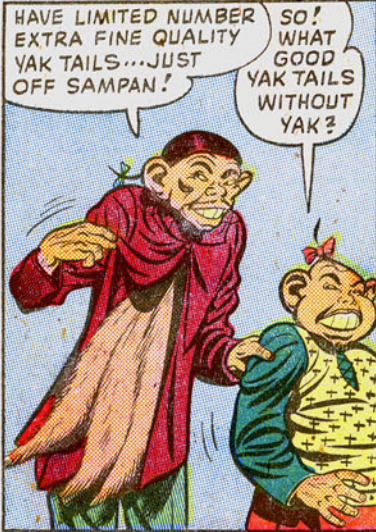
VELLY GOOD TO TAKE
DAY OFF FLOM BLACK-
HAWK ISLAND! FEEL
MUCH BETTER WHEN
GO BACK RELAXED!

PSST! CHARLIE!
YOU LIKEE BIG BARGAIN
FROM HONEST WONG?

NAME CHOP
CHOP! SURE,
ALWAYS LIKEE
GOOD BUY!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

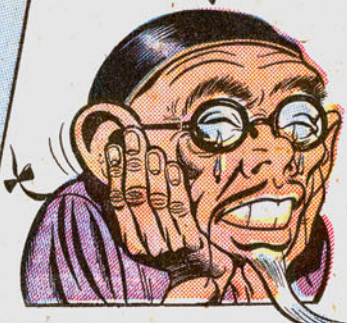
IS SO! BUT NEVER WILL I FIND ALL MISSING YAK TAILS!

NOT FEEL BAD! TELL CHOP CHOP STORY!

ALL YEAR MY PEOPLE LABOR, COLLECT YAK TAILS AND SEND ME TO SELL FOR YANKEE DOLLAR! NOW I NOT EVEN HAVE SAMPAN FARE HOME!

STATESIDE TONGMEN LURE ME INTO FANTAN GAME, CHEAT POOR HU HEE OUT OF VALUABLE YAK MERCHANDISE! NOW COUNTRYMEN LOSE FAITH IN ME!

VELLY BAD MEN TO CHEAT YOU, HU HEE! CHOP CHOP PLENTY MAD!

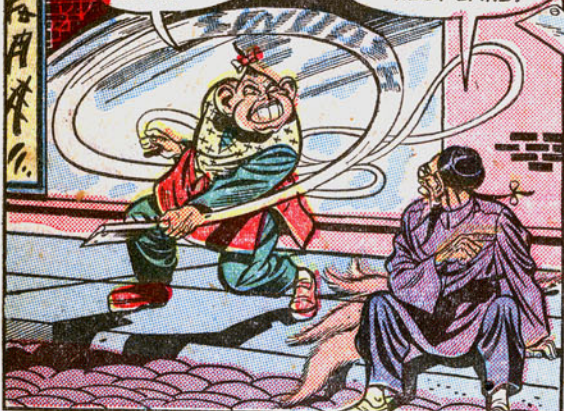


YOU TELL CHOP CHOP WHERE TO FIND BAD MEN! ME GET MERCHANDISE BACK!

TONGMEN TAKE ME TO CHU GUM'S CURIO SHOP ON BIRD'S NEST LANE!

YOU WAIT HERE WITH TAILS I BUY!

MAY YOUR SHADOW NEVER GROW LESS FOR HELPING THIS AGED ONE!

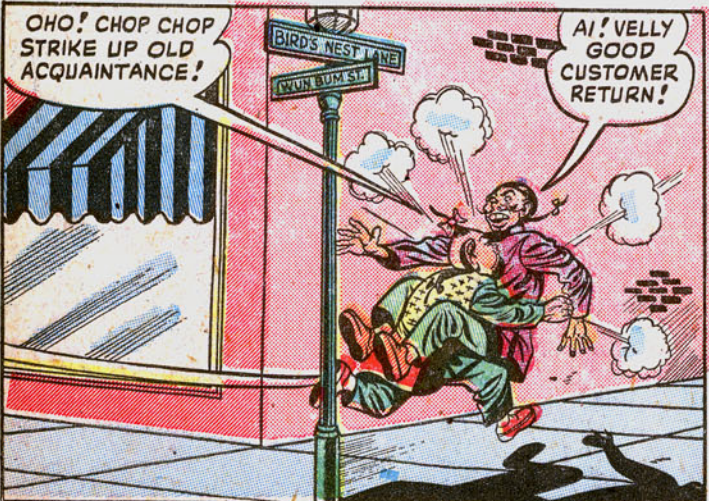


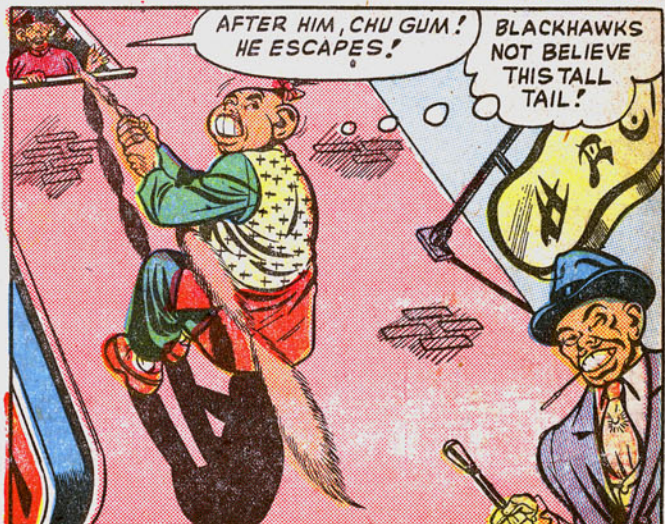
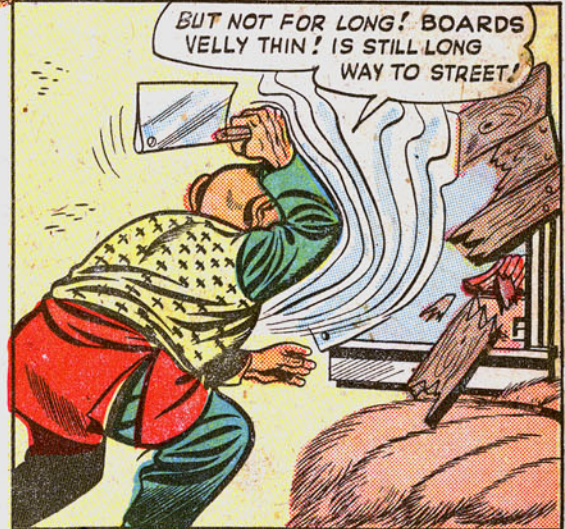
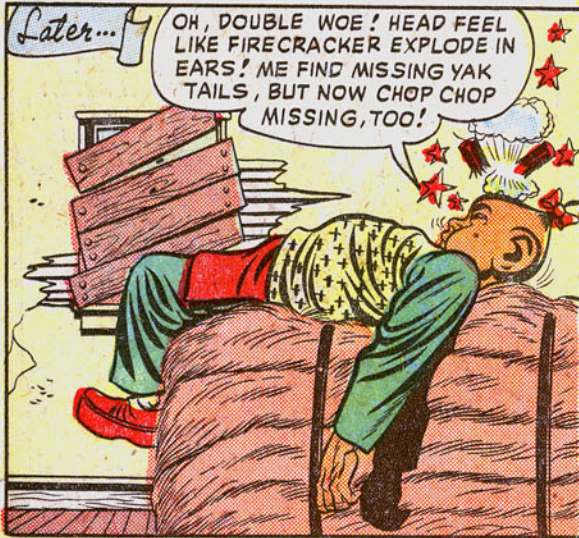
OHO! CHOP CHOP STRIKE UP OLD ACQUAINTANCE!

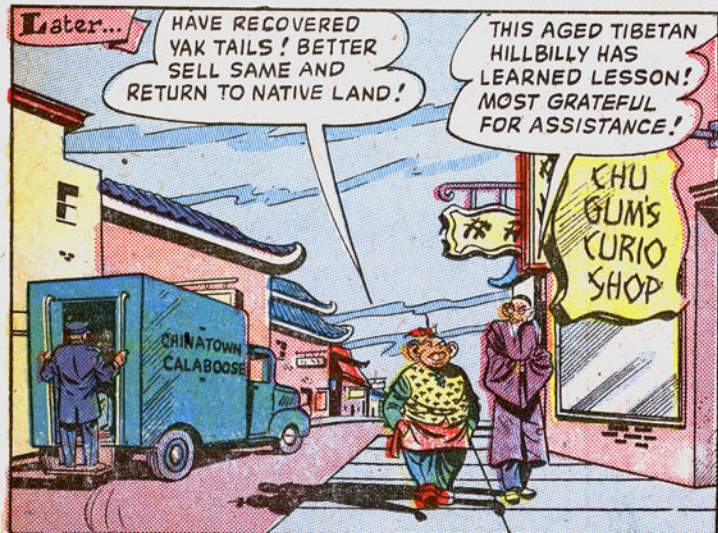
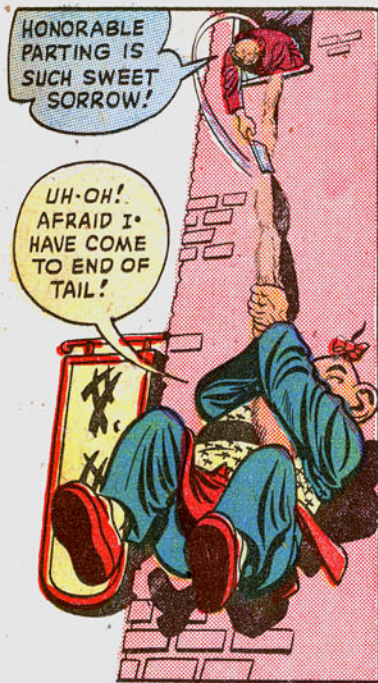
AI! VELLY GOOD CUSTOMER RETURN!

MAYBE YOU LIKEE BUY USED RICKSHA FROM HONEST WONG... VELLY LOW MILEAGE!

NO FUNNY BUSINESS! YOU TELL CHOP CHOP WHERE YOU HIDE OTHER HOT YAK TAILS!







BLACKHAWK

Salty Waters

ALAS, FORTY YEARS IN THE NAVY, AND NOW I'M TO BE RETIRED ON ACCOUNT OF MY NERVES... TOO MANY YEARS IN THE TROPICS, MAYBE!

THE SKIPPER SURE FEELS BAD!

IF WE COULD ONLY CHEER THE POOR GUY UP!

WHICH IS WHY WE GOT HIM THIS RARE COLLECTION OF TROPICAL FISH AS A FAREWELL GIFT!

G'WAN, TAKE IT INTO HIM NOW... IT MAY MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER!

RIGHT!

LOSING MY GRIP... THAT'S WHAT!

A LITTLE PARTING GIFT FOR YOU, SIR!

WHY, SAY NOW... THAT'S NICE OF YOU BOYS!

EEE-YAWP!
THE DOC WAS RIGHT... NOW I'M SEEING...

...MERMAIDS... IN... F... FISH... TANKS... TWEET!

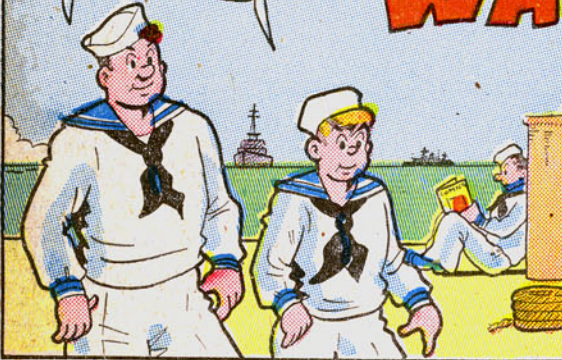
YOU AND YOUR TATTOOS!

BLACKHAWK

Salty Waters

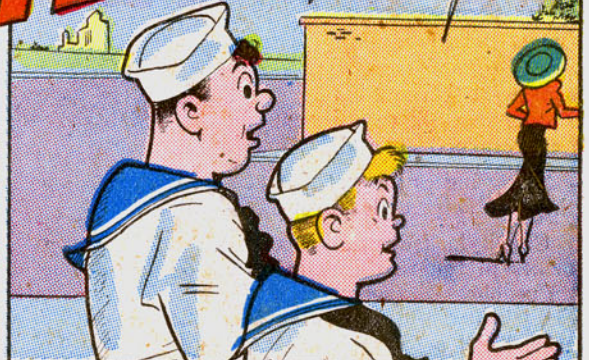
WHAT HAPPENED TO BUG-BRAIN? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM LATELY!

IT'S KINDA MYSTERIOUS! THERE'S A CRAZY RUMOR AROUND THAT HE GOT A BIG JOB!



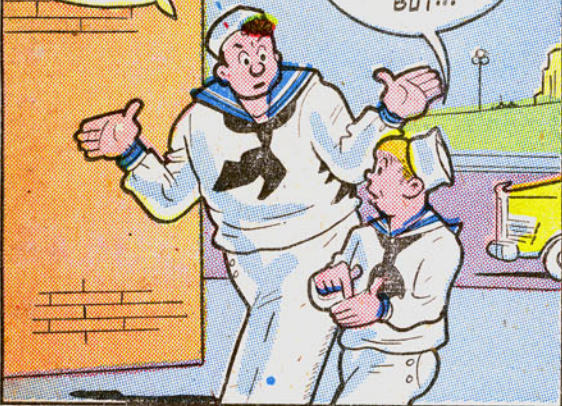
WHAT KIND OF JOB?

SOMETHIN' HIGH UP IN THE GOLD BRAID!



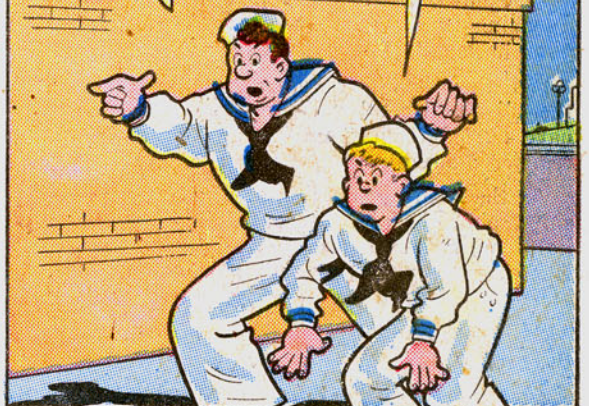
OH, DON'T BE SILLY! WHY, DOWN IN THE TROPICS...

...THE MONKEYS USED TO FEED HIM! I KNOW HE'S A DOPE, BUT...



WAIT A MINUTE... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE COMIN'?

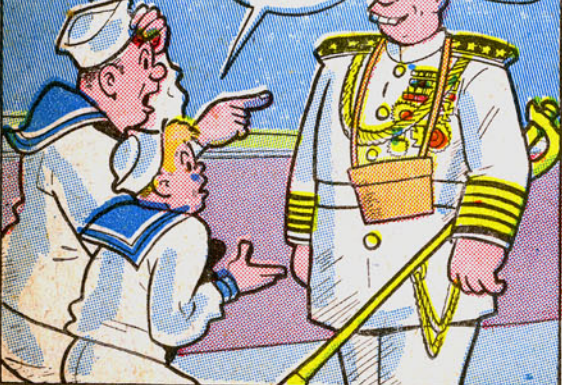
S'HELP ME... IT'S BUGBRAIN!



NO! IT CAN'T BE... YOU... AN... ADMIR...

FOR OUR SAKES, BUGBRAIN, SAY IT AIN'T SO!

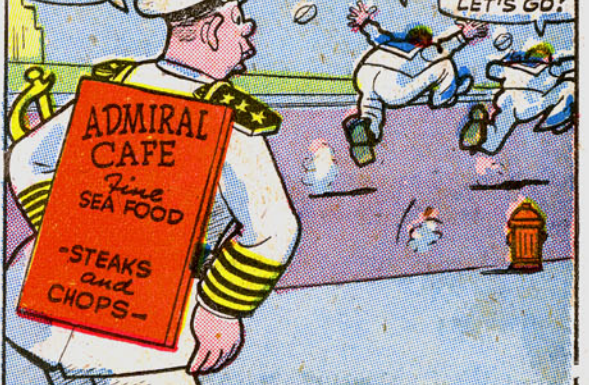
OH, SURE I'M AN ADMIRAL! YEH! HEH, HEH!



HMM... WONDER WHAT AILS THEM FELLERS?

WELL, THAT DOES IT! WHEN THEY MAKE GUYS LIKE HIM ADMIRALS...

IT'S TIME WE TRANSFERRED TO THE AIR FORCE... LET'S GO!



ATOMIC Control

THREE speedy airplanes in tight V-formation swept over the desolate wasteland of the southwest United States. As they neared the rolling foothills to the west they banked sharply and returned on a slightly different course.

"Any indication yet, Chuck?" Blackhawk, in the lead ship, called over his shoulder.

Chuck looked up from the bank of instruments in the rear cockpit and shook his head. "I've checked the whole spectrum of frequencies they might be using," he replied, "and there's not a whisper.

"I just made contact with Andre, searching the north area with the other Blackhawks and his report is negative too. The ground seems to have swallowed them up," he concluded.

Blackhawk lifted the intership microphone. Speaking over the subdued roar of the jet engines he said, "How is it with you, Stanislaus?"

"If they had any radio-active metals with them," Stanislaus' voice replied, "they must have buried them. This Geiger counter hasn't registered anything out of the ordinary."

As the sandy ground spun dizzily under the ships, a bright pinpoint of rapidly expanding light mushroomed up to their right. Before Blackhawk could swerve the formation, a hot blast rocked them precariously.

"Break formation," Blackhawk called urgently.

In rapid succession the planes peeled off and away from the explosion.

"Blackhawk," Stanislaus' voice called over the radio, "this Geiger counter is going crazy. That must have been an atomic explosion."

"Keep a close check on the counter, Stanislaus," Blackhawk advised. "As soon as the cloud dissipates I'm going down for a closer look. There's a chance the missing party of scientists set it off to attract attention."

The ships reformed and circled the lazily drifting cloud of deadly radioactivity. After several minutes of tense watching, Stanislaus said worriedly, "The radioactivity in the area is increasing."

"Let's go in upwind and take a look," Blackhawk replied.

The flight of Blackhawks dove down, careful to avoid any portion of the heavy white vapors which poured from the ground.

"You're right, Stanislaus," Blackhawk agreed. "There seems to be a continuous reaction that is self-sustaining."

"Wait," he said, his eyes narrowing. "Aren't those tire tracks in the sand? They might take us to the scientists."

Keeping close watch on the twin ruts in the powdery earth, Blackhawk led the flight in the direction of the foothills to the west, where the tracks disappeared into the sparse trees on a hillside. Combing the area carefully, the keen-eyed leader spotted a truck under a pine tree.

"Hold the course, Chuck," he said. "I'm going over the side to see what goes on down there. Whoever owns that truck can't be far away. I'll keep in touch with you on my portable transceiver."

In a matter of seconds Blackhawk alighted on the hillside. Orienting himself, he struck out towards the truck. He had traveled but a few hundred paces when the bearded figure of an old man burst out of the underbrush.

"Thank the Lord you found us, Blackhawk," the man gasped. "That devil . . ."

"Doctor Craythorn," Blackhawk said, advancing on the frail old man, "what happened to your party?"

"I believe I am in a better position to answer that," a heavy-set man said gruffly, emerging in back of the old doctor. "I am Alfred Rodin." He drew a pistol from his jacket. "These fools did not choose to join my desert laboratory staff. They needed persuasion."

"Let us return to camp," he continued gutturally. "We can talk better there. I can keep watch on the others, who might also have an idea that rescue is near. You see, I watched your attempts to discover the missing party while I was using them to conduct my own experiment in atomic reaction."

The burly captor motioned Blackhawk and the old man along a path ahead of him, leading to an entrance in the hillside.

"This is an old abandoned mine, as you can see," Rodin explained. "It has been fitted out as a laboratory and is quite safe from unwanted observation."

"I regret I was careless in covering my tracks from the atomic pile and in letting Craythorn slip away."

BLACKHAWK

"However," he continued, "nothing was lost, since the experiment is a success and secrecy is no longer necessary. In fact," he said, "you, Blackhawk, will be the ideal messenger to lay my terms of surrender before your government."

"Is this man mad?" Blackhawk asked Dr. Craythorn. "Does he think he can intimidate us with that small atomic explosion?"

"I'm afraid he's quite sane," Dr. Craythorn said. "The initial explosion was merely the beginning of the reaction. The deadly part is happening now: the emanation of vast quantities of radon, a deadly radioactive gas."

"Rodin was thorough in his selection of this site. The prevailing winds will carry the vapors over the entire United States blanketing it with the poison."

"So you see, Blackhawk," Rodin broke in, moving close and waving his gun, "unless you convince your government to capitulate, the greater portion of its people will die."

"Not without a fight," Blackhawk said grimly, stepping lightly to one side. "Your carelessness seems to include the handling of guns."

With that, the tall leader of the Blackhawks grabbed Rodin's gun arm and jerked the heavy man off balance. With a smooth movement Blackhawk flipped him to the ground, at the same time wrenching the gun free.

Rodin lay prostrate for a moment, then scrambled to his feet. He ran behind the protection of the hill, pawing at the side of the mine entrance. Then, almost in the same motion, he stepped out into the open, holding a small case.

"It will do you no good, Blackhawk," he sneered. "I have here the only instrument to control that pile. Move one step closer and I will turn the reaction time to instantaneous and this whole area will be one mass of vapors."

Blackhawk drew Dr. Craythorn into the mine tunnel and held a quick whispered conference

while he kept a wary eye on the defiant Rodin. Reaching back for his portable microphone, he spoke several words into it.

He stepped out into the light and advanced slowly on the burly scientist.

"With every step you take," Rodin said, "I am advancing the reaction time of the atomic pile. By the time you reach me it will have detonated."

As the scientist advanced the position of the knob, Blackhawk looked steadily at the meters set in the case. Taking the final step he saw that the pointers stood at maximum.

When nothing happened Rodin stared unbelievably at the control box, then dashed it to the ground. He evaded Blackhawk's grasp and raced down the slope. Reaching the truck ahead of Blackhawk, he leaped to the wheel and roared away. The truck careened down the slope, glanced off a tree and skidded, striking a second tree. By the time Blackhawk reached the vehicle it was a mass of flaming wreckage.

"Rodin was a brilliant scientist," Dr. Craythorn said sadly, "but he got off on the wrong track somehow. After working out a theory of controlled, low-level radiation, he came along on this survey to persuade us to join him in his mad scheme. If it hadn't been for you, Blackhawk, he would have succeeded. I still don't see how you averted the explosion."

"When you told me the atomic pile was radio-controlled," Blackhawk replied, "I had Chuck, our radio man, monitor the coded signals Rodin transmitted. Using the same frequency, he was able to blanket Rodin's signals with his more powerful transmission. When Rodin smashed the control box Chuck took over and sent out the same code to shut down the pile."

"I'm thankful you found us in time," the old doctor said gratefully.

"I am too," Blackhawk replied. "Your work is too vital to be interrupted by men like Rodin."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

Of **BLACKHAWK**, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

Blackhawk

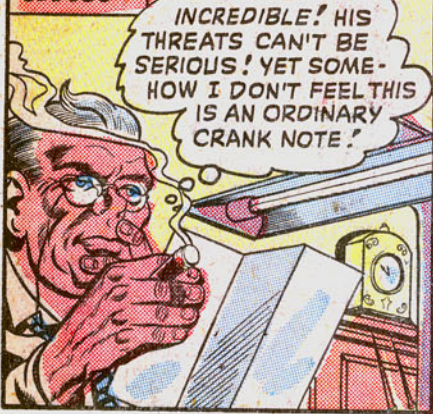
Whence came they...these ghostly planes that dropped invisible bombs? No man could answer! The Phantom Bombers could not be seen by any human eyes, could not be spotted by radar! They slipped through every defense that military men could contrive!

Only **CAPTAIN SUICIDE**, leader of the Phantom Bomber squadron, knew the answer! And he defied even the **BLACKHAWKS** to match his cruel domination!



BLACKHAWK

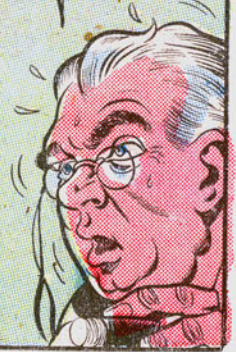
At the Hollis Small Arms factory, a man sits reading a note in his deserted office...



MR. HOLLIS? IT'S MIDNIGHT! I'VE COME TO KEEP MY APPOINTMENT!

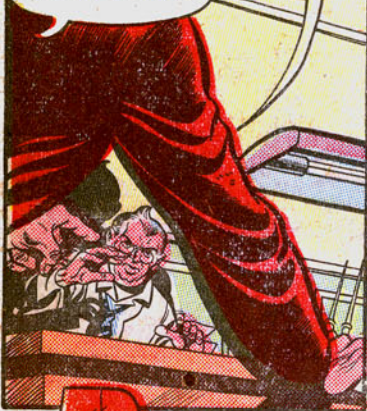


YOU... YOU'RE CAPTAIN SUICIDE?



YOU RECEIVED MY NOTE! ARE YOU READY TO PAY A RANSOM OF ONE MILLION DOLLARS TO SAVE YOUR FACTORY FROM DESTRUCTION?

NO! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN DO THE THINGS YOU SAY!



THIS TALK ABOUT PHANTOM BOMBERS! IT'S CRAZY!

INDEED? YOU'LL REGRET THIS DECISION, MR. HOLLIS! MY PHANTOM BOMBER SQUADRON WILL DESTROY YOUR FACTORY AT NOON TOMORROW!



YOUR FATE WILL BE PROOF THAT CAPTAIN SUICIDE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD! FAREWELL!

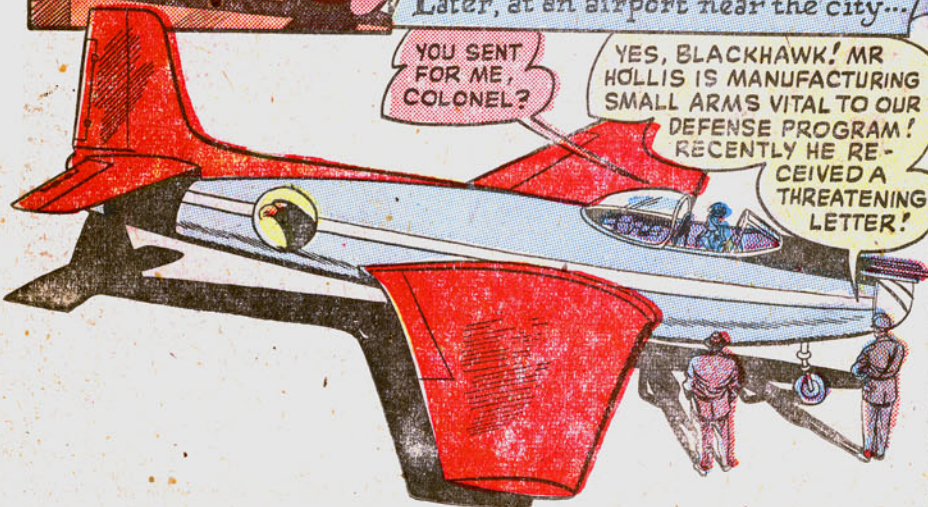


I-I'LL CALL THE BLACK-HAWKS! THEY WILL HELP ME!

Later, at an airport near the city...

YOU SENT FOR ME, COLONEL?

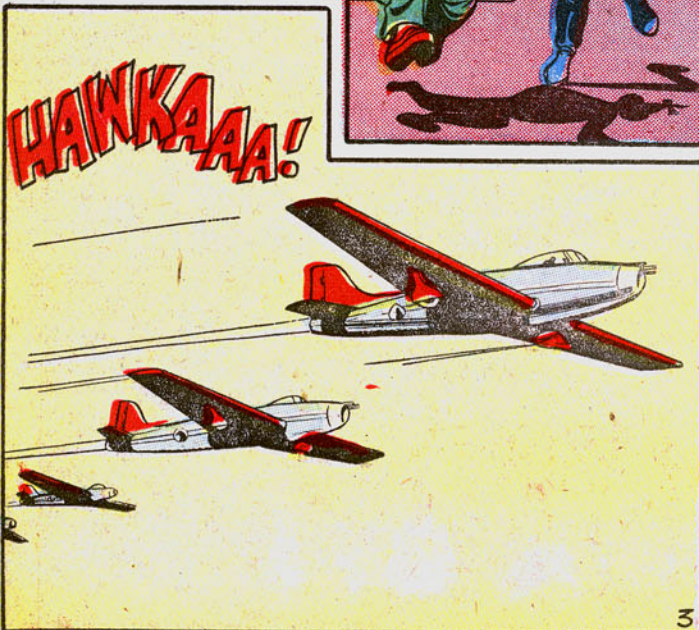
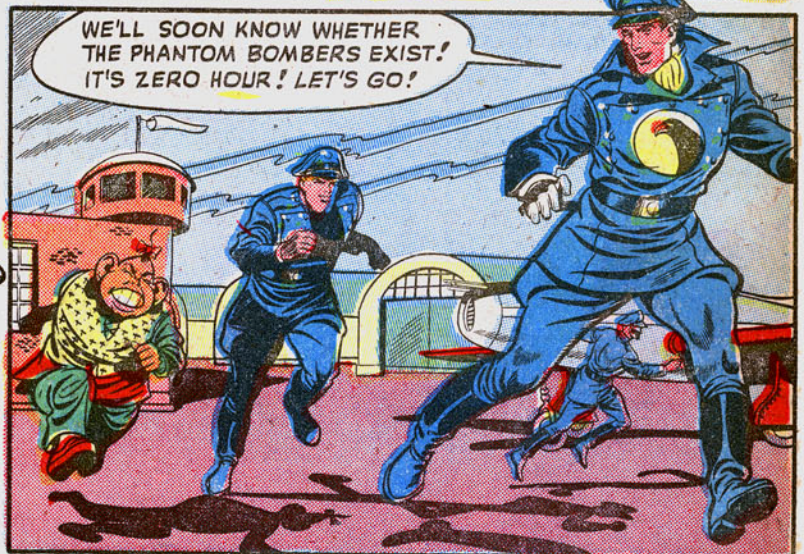
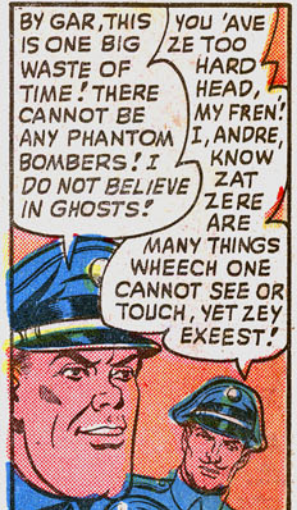
YES, BLACKHAWK! MR. HOLLIS IS MANUFACTURING SMALL ARMS VITAL TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM! RECENTLY HE RECEIVED A THREATENING LETTER!



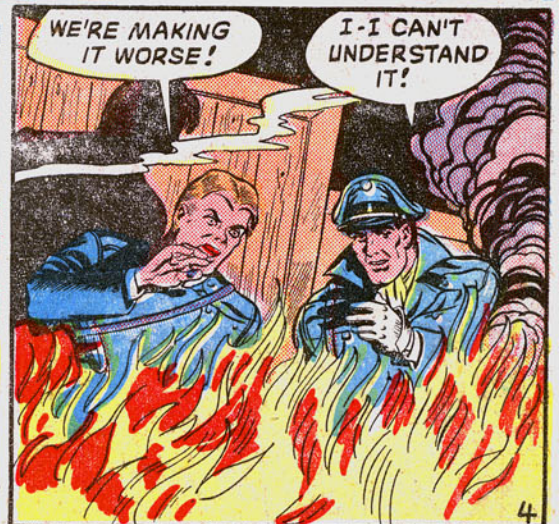
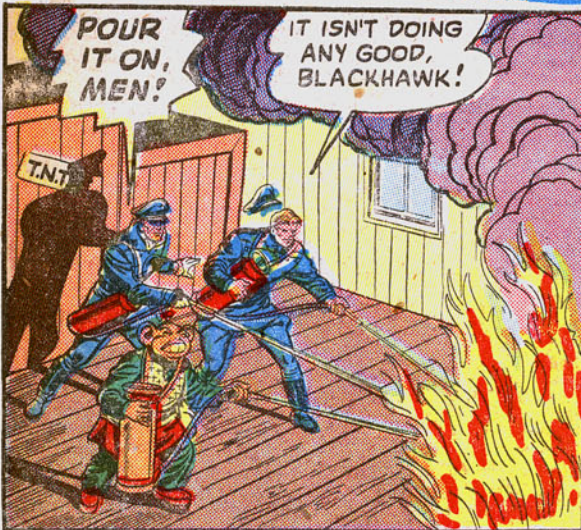
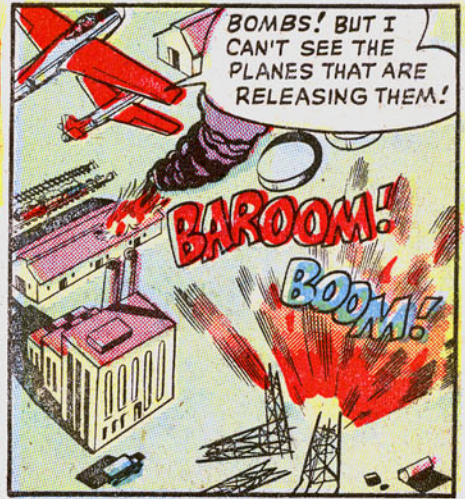
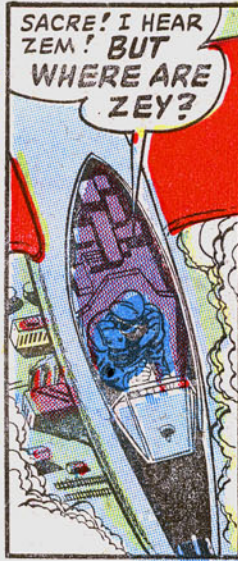
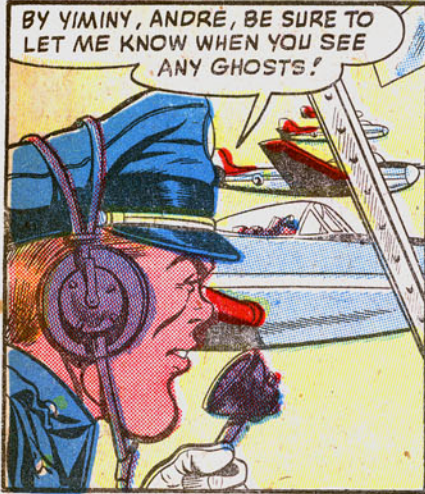
... SO WE'VE OFFERED MR. HOLLIS EVERY BIT OF COOPERATION! BUT HE INSISTED ON CALLING IN THE BLACKHAWKS!

IF YOU'D SEEN CAPTAIN SUICIDE, YOU'D UNDERSTAND WHY!

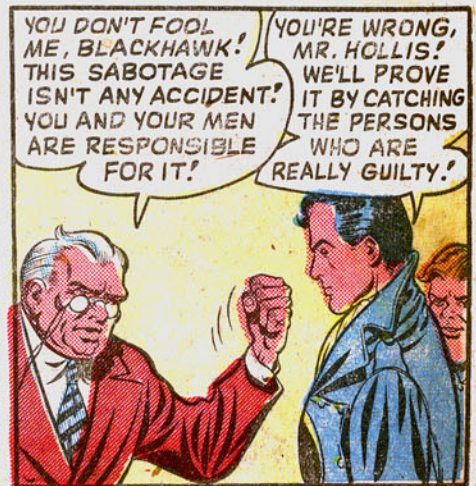
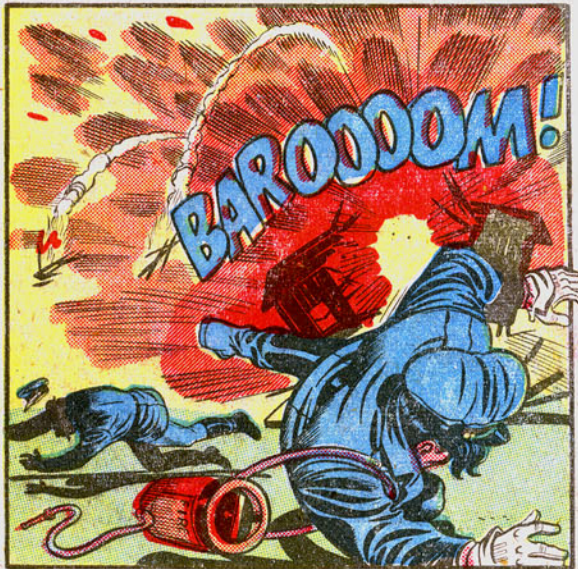
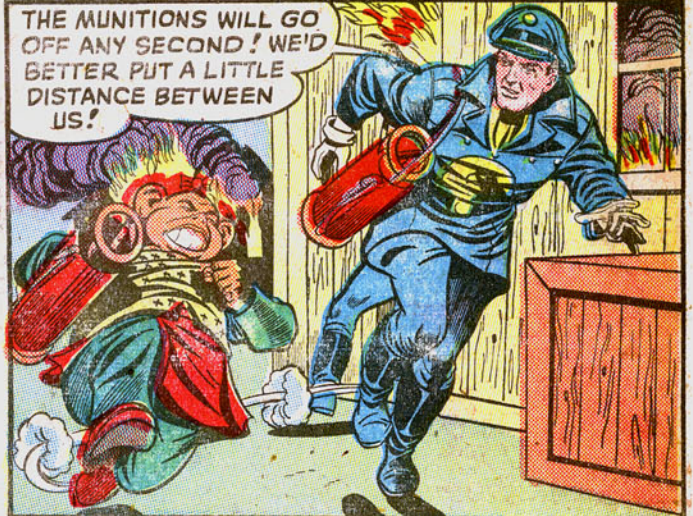




BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



But the sensational charges are played up in the nation's press...



SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THESE STORIES, COLONEL! THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE A GOOD REPUTATION WITH EVERY GOVERNMENT AGENCY!



YOU CAN'T BLAME HOLLIS TOO MUCH, BLACKHAWK! AFTER ALL, THE EVIDENCE IS INCRIMINATING!

NOT ONLY DID YOU FAIL TO INTERCEPT CAPTAIN SUICIDE'S BOMBERS, BUT YOU CONTRIBUTED TO THE FIRE AND EXPLOSION THAT TOTALLY WRECKED THE PLANT!



COLONEL, YOU CAN'T MEAN...

I'M NOT MAKING ANY ACCUSATIONS! BUT IT'S UP TO THE BLACKHAWKS TO CLEAR THEIR OWN NAMES! I CAN DO NOTHING IN MY OFFICIAL CAPACITY!

I-I SEE!



At Captain Suicide's headquarters...

THIS IS BETTER THAN I EXPECTED! WITH THE BLACKHAWKS UNDER SUSPICION, THEY WON'T GET ANY COOPERATION FROM THE GOVERNMENT!

THEN WE'VE NOTHING LEFT TO FEAR! WE CAN GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS!



THE PHANTOM BOMBERS WILL STRIKE AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE BLACKHAWKS ARE IMPLICATED! NO ONE WILL TRUST THEM AFTER THIS RAID!

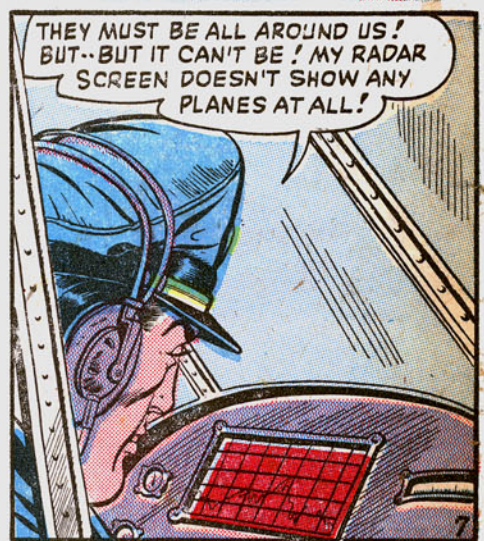
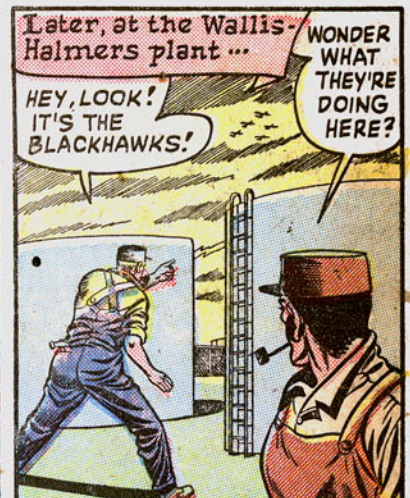
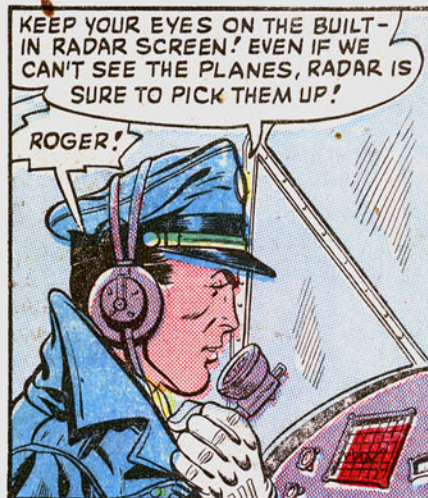
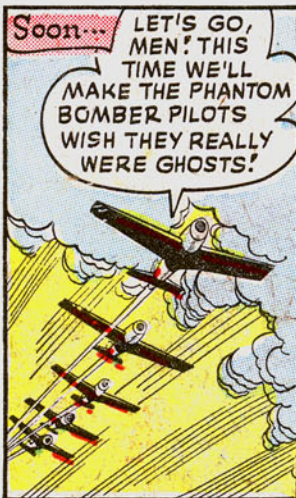
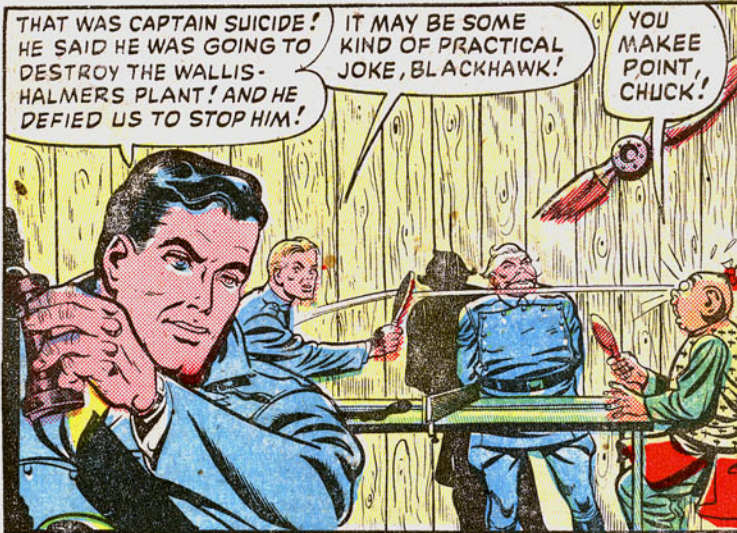


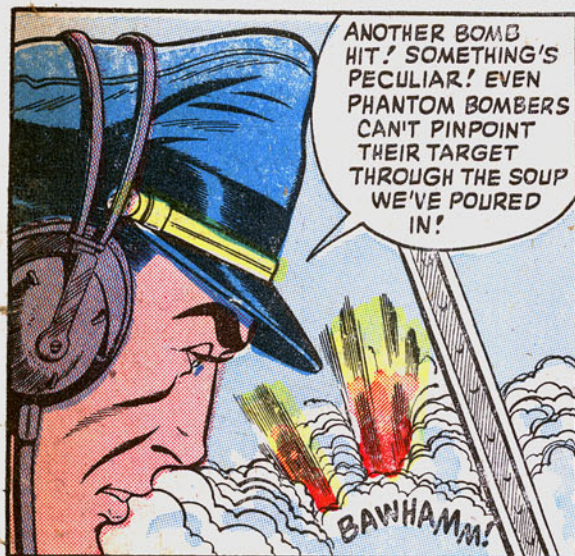
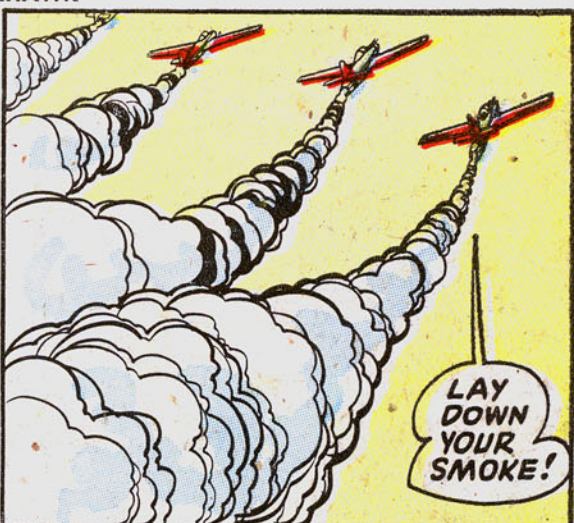
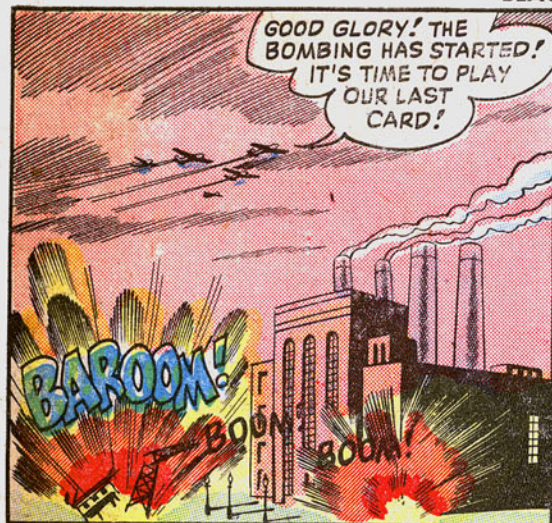
The next day, on Blackhawk Island...



WHAT'S THAT? WHO IS THIS SPEAKING?

BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK

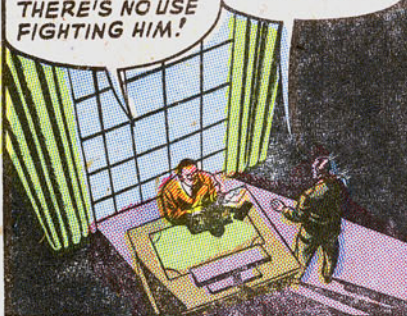
CAPTAIN SUICIDE MADE IT APPEAR THAT WE'RE WORKING WITH HIM! HE THINKS THAT WILL CLIP OUR WINGS, BUT HE'S WRONG! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL HE ANNOUNCES HIS NEXT MOVE, AND THEN...



Several days later, at the Gorham Aircraft plant...

I'VE RECEIVED A WARNING NOTE FROM CAPTAIN SUICIDE, AND I'VE DECIDED TO PAY WHAT HE ASKS! THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING HIM!

DON'T DO IT, MR. GORHAM! THE ARMY WILL PUT ALL ITS RESOURCES AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

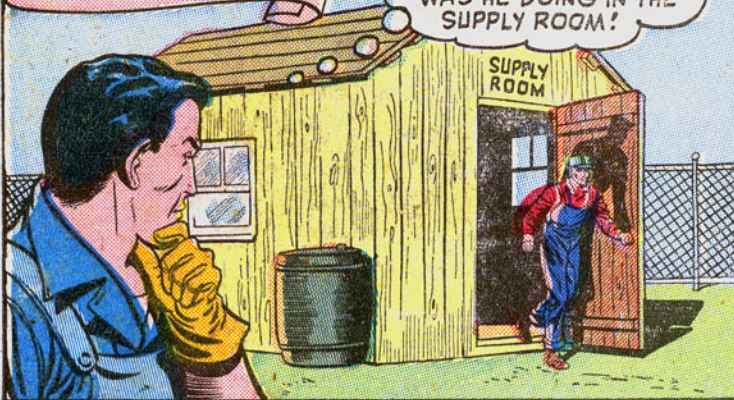


WE'LL STOP THE PHANTOM BOMBERS! IF THE BLACKHAWKS ARE THEIR ALLIES, WE'LL DESTROY THEM, TOO!

I--I HOPE YOU CAN DO IT! I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE!



Inside the plant where Blackhawk has taken a job as a laborer...



HMM! THAT FELLOW WAS AT THE HOLLIS PLANT DURING THE FIRE! WHAT WAS HE DOING IN THE SUPPLY ROOM?

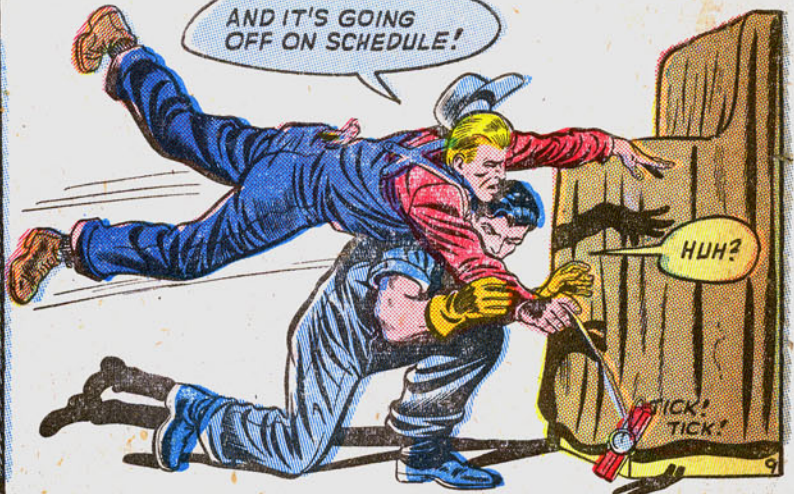
HE ACTED AS THOUGH HE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE HIM! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND IN HERE!

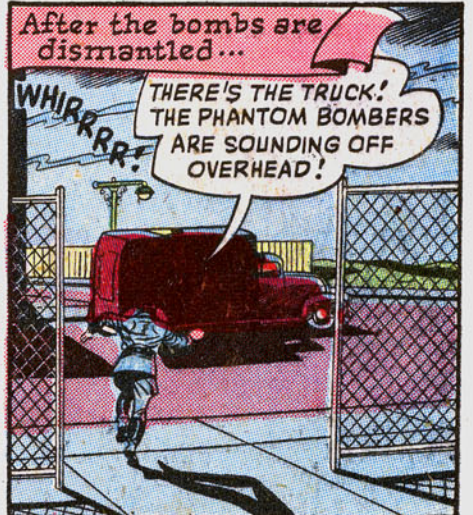
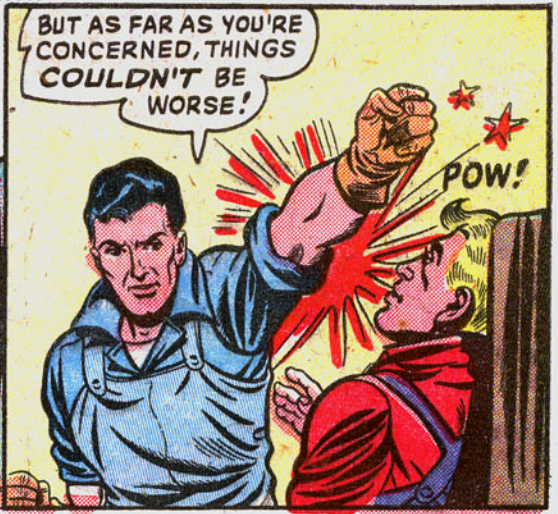
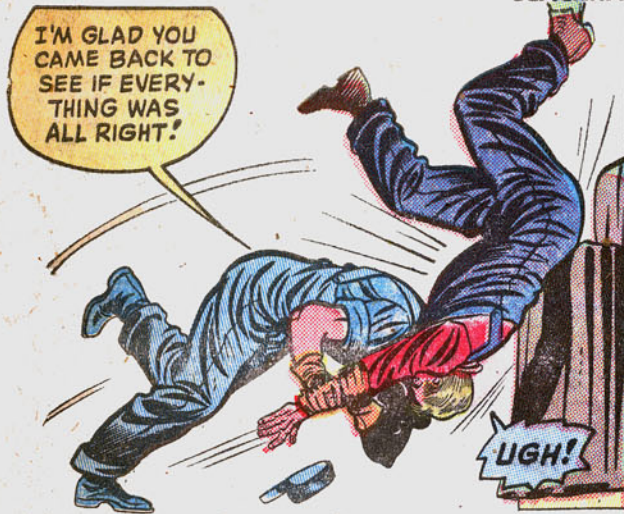


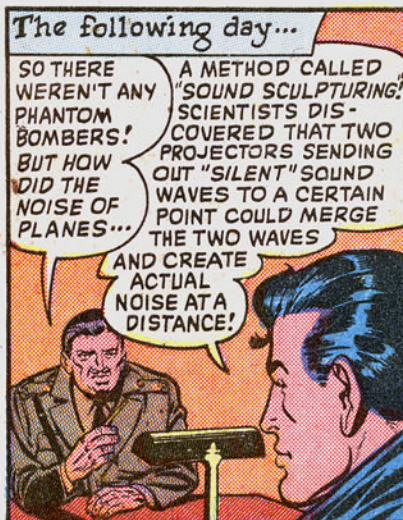
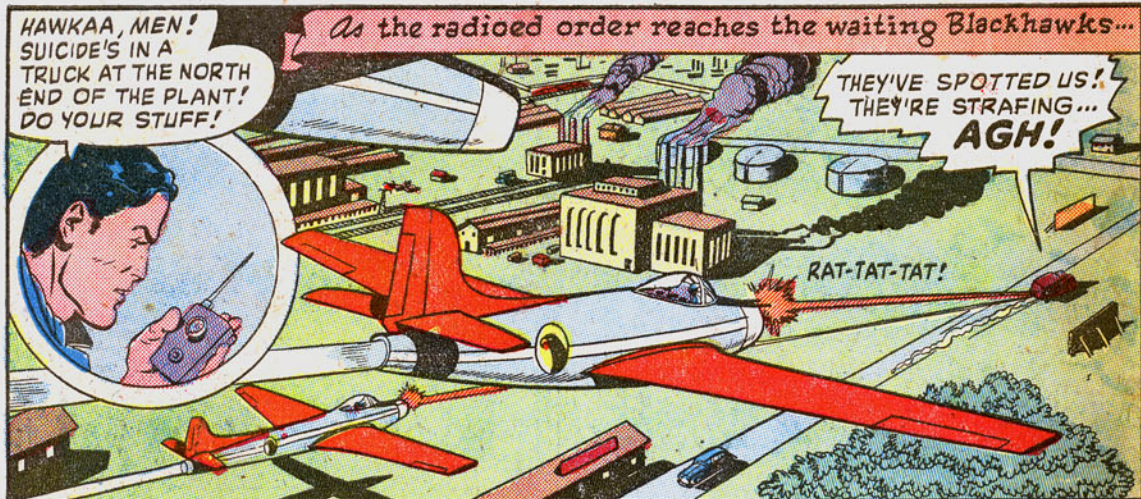
A TIME BOMB! IT'S SET TO GO OFF IN TEN MINUTES!



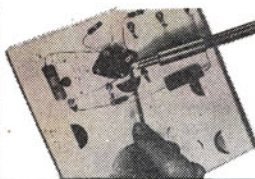
AND IT'S GOING OFF ON SCHEDULE!



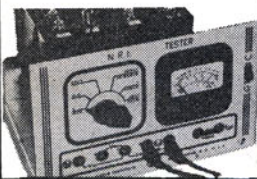




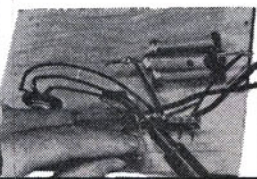
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



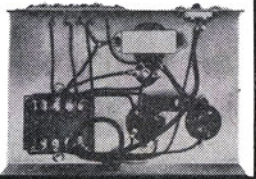
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



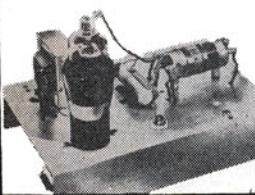
YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



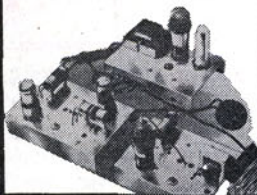
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

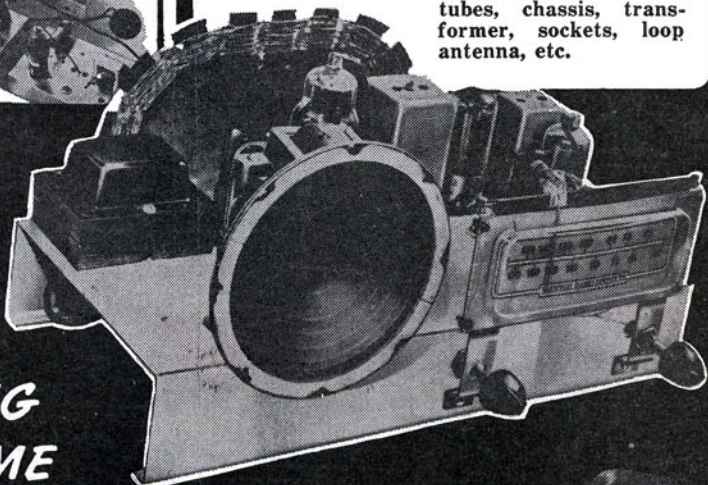


YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

You build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.



LEARN RADIO

BY PRACTICING
IN SPARE TIME

WITH BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND YOU

Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be Radio Technicians.

MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. My tested and proved train-at-home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep.

Make EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time

The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here it's a short step to your own shop, or a good-

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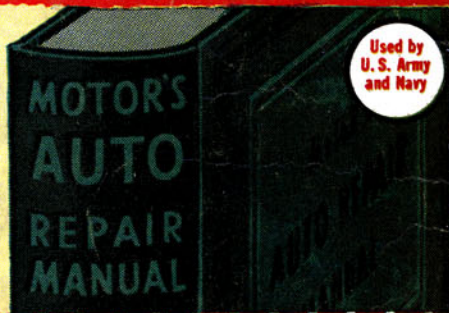


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